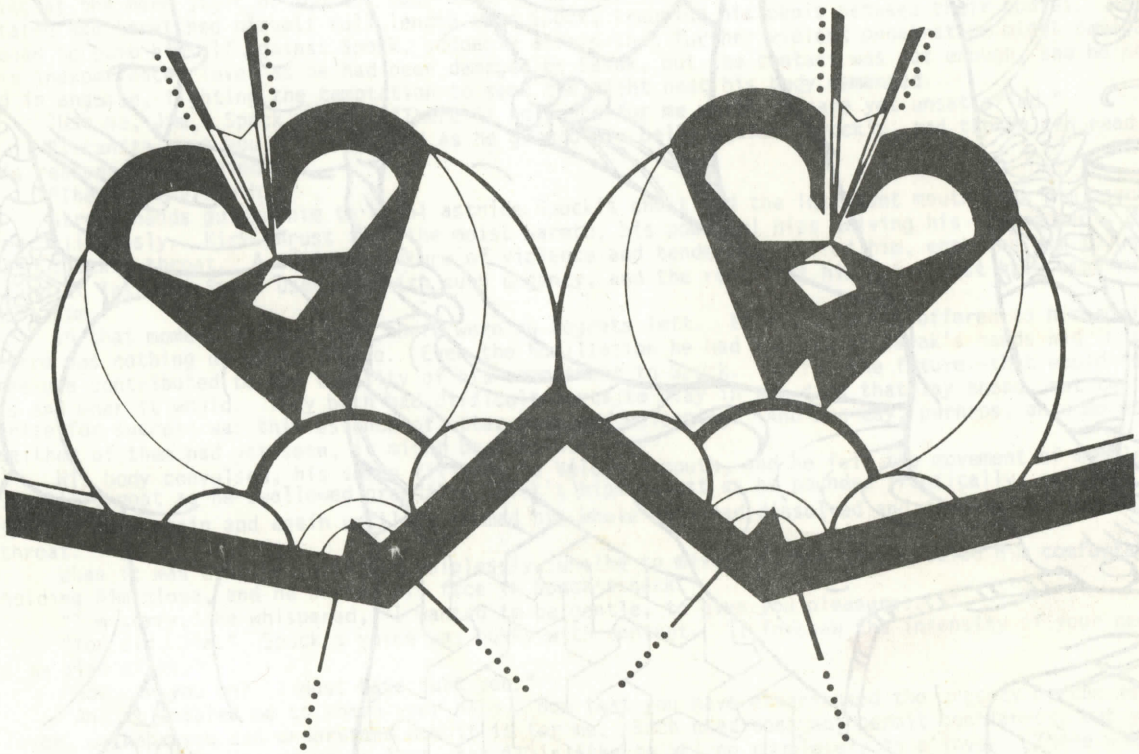
smoothly into him. He felt the Human brace himself to respond to the powerful thrusting he expected, and leaned forward to brush the sweat-damp hair from the white forehead. He took Kirk's mouth and kissed him sweetly, tenderly. His hips moved, a gentle, rocking rhythm that penetrated deeply into the Human with a slow friction that brought his own release without overtaxing his exhausted lover.

"Thank you, Spock." Kirk closed his arms around the Vulcan, pressing him close. "Don't go," he murmured. "Stay inside me as we sleep. I like to feel you part of me."

He cradled the dark head to his chest, sighing with sleepy pleasure as warm lips brushed his nipple. The firmness of Spock buried inside him, the arms that held him so possessively gave him a feeling of absolute security. No, there was nothing to fear, for although he must play the part of a slave, he lay now with a master who was also his lover, and his beloved. In total trust he abandoned himself to his delicious weariness, and slept.

Across the room Lashmi raised her massive head and surveyed the entwined bodies through slitted emerald eyes. Then resignedly, she curled up, pillowing her chin on velvet paws. There was clearly no room for her on the bed tonight.

ray newton